7- *Sick Men of Europe*

Hitler provided an age with its image—I proceed like a somnambulist/ Eyes glazed and unseeing, mind blank and unthinking, arms reaching forward to touch but never touching, step confident but directed nowhere—such was his and Time's march, observed by all with helpless absorption.

Scene by scene, the play unfolded, actors hissed or acclaimed, comic relief and tense moments succeeding one another; intervals occurring, with buffet visits, stroll in the street outside or casual conversation, but soon the lights again lowered, and eyes again focused on the stage. From one part of the world to another, the scene inconsequently shifted; time was similarly inconstant, but the theme never varied. Theme inescapable, its working out not to be prevented; each incident, large and small, each character, major and minor, contributing to its development, until the final curtain came, the applause or derision, and lights were put out, performance done. Theme inescapable-graven image lifted and loudly adored, graven image shattered and hearts made humble again; bread alone sufficient and eagerly gorged, hunger remaining and bread sufficing not; unto Caesar all rendered, and Caesar clamouring still for more.

Germany's growing power was the chief

preoccupation. As it grew, fear grew. Each fresh realisation of its growth created more fear than the one before—bursts of fear, crises, with uneasy lulls in between. Something should be done, it was felt; but nothing was done. Perhaps the Nazi regime would collapse, but it did not collapse. The League still might gather together